

Happiness is not to be found in the magnificence of a palace, but in the innocent employments of a country life. Scarce had she said these words, when the fairy appeared; I did not intend to reward, when I made you a queen, but to punish you for having given your plums grudgingly. To be happy, we must only enjoy what is necessary, and wish for no more. Ah! madam, cried Fair, you have been sufficiently revenged; put an end to my misfortunes. They are already at an end, replied the fairy: the king, who no longer loves you, is preparing to marry another wife; and his officers will come to-morrow, to order you to return to his palace no more.

It happened as the fairy foretold, and Fair passed the remainder of her days with her sister Blooming, in the most perfect pleasure and contentment, and never afterwards thought of a court, but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her cottage.

*Lady*

*Lady Charlotte.* Indeed, Madam, I am very much pleased with them. I have always desired to be a shepherdess, and am extravagantly fond of the country. I think I should desire nothing but to be a countrywoman; I was a pretty countrywoman once, but then I should want to live with me.

*Mademoiselle.* I think you have a pretty taste, my dear; but, in a country, you are not happy in a course of life, without either ambition, vanity, or desires; and that is very difficult to be happy in any place, if you consider against those three faults which I now mention'd.

*Miss Harriot.* What is ambition, mademoiselle?

*Mademoiselle.* 'Tis a desire to be every body; and vanity is being praised for beauty, without fine cloaths. Ask Miss Sprig, how her vanity has made her